

i think i'm dead--lucky me by JakeyFryMason011

Category: No Fandom, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-10-15

Updated: 2018-10-15

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:49:24

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 240

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A poem I wrote while I was depressed. Might be from Mike Wheeler's perspective if you tilt your head and squint.

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I dream of clouds and endless sky
And of angels marching by
But the wake is grim and grey
And suffering follows break of day
I much prefer the dreams to this
I'd much prefer a state of bliss
But here I'm stuck in pits of dread
Oh darling, I think that I'm dead
Nobody gives a fuck for me
I think I'm dead--lucky me
My body's working just the same
But my mind is in its grave
I'm hiding in my quiet place
Away from dark and anger's grace
But the silence turns to sound
And the angels cast me down
I'm standing in a city square
There's people milling everywhere
But no one seems to notice me
I think I'm dead--lucky me

Nobody's ever seen me cry
I smile and say that I'm fine
My smile's held up by mere string
I don't tell anyone anything
Adults say that I'm acting up
"He used to be nice, so what the fuck?"
I'm still as nice, it's just been smeared
And buried under silent tears
I dream she stands above the sky
Looks down; and tells me not to cry
She reaches out and kisses me
I think I'm dead--lucky me
Would she do that in real life
Or would her words become my knife
Would cuts made from cold verbal
Replace cuts made from cold metal
Haunted by insecurities
I think I'm dead--lucky me